### CHARLES SUMNER.

PIERCE'S COMPLETED BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner. By Edward L. Pierce. Volumes III and dV. Large octavo. pp 621 and 658. Boston; Roberts Brothers.

The completion of this admirable biography has been deferred for many years through various causes, chief among which is the exhaustive nature of the work. Mr. Sumner throughout his life enjoyed the intimate friendship of many famous men and women at home and abroad, and maintained a voluminous correspondence with them. As Mr. Pierce has aimed to include in this memoir the letters and speeches of the great Senator, the labor of collecting and digesting the material has been very great. Now that the work has been done with painstaking care and mexhaustible patience, a monument such as Horace describes as more enduring than stone or brass has been erected in memory of one of the most intellectual men who have ever graced American public life. The same refinement of taste and accuracy of judgment which Mr. Sumner displayed in the preparation of his speeches and in the details of ordinary correspondence are conspicuous in these volumes. It is pre-eminently such a biography as would have met with his hearty approval, and as he was one of the most critical of writers, that is, perhaps, the highest praise that can be bestowed upon Mr. Pierce's

The third volume embraces the most active period of Mr. Sumner's life-the fifteen years ending with President Lincoln's first election. In order to show his environment when he took his place among the reformers and agitators of New-England the volume open's with a luminous chapter on society in Boston. For its numbers no American city was so strong in capital. Its older wealth had come from foreign commerce; its later wealth from mills and factories. Its prosperous citizens were men of good stock, enter-prising, self-poised and large-minded. Harvard College diffused an academic spirit and raised up scholars and intellectual guides. The style of living was sober but generous, with furniture imported from France, with specimens of art from foreign studios, and with cellars stocked with Madeira of various vintages. Boston merchants as a class were highly conservative; they took a harmless pride in their social standing; they received consideration from the masses something like that accorded to an English lord or squire, and were accustomed to have their own way and to resent interference from those who had not by family or wealth reached the same position as They were English in thought and habit as in blood, and while not wanting in patriotism, had little faith in the republican polity and small confidence in the good sense and steadiness of the people. They reverenced Alexander Hamilton, hated Jefferson, distrusted the Adamses, and rallied around Alexander Hamilion as the conservative leader of the times. There was but one society at that period to which admission was sought, and every one in it knew every one else who was in it. It was close and hard, consolidated, with a uniform stamp on all, and opinion running in grooves-in politics, Whig: in faith, Unitarian and Episcopalian Its members were closely connected by intermarriage, and a personal difficulty with one was quickly taken up by the related families. Mr. Sumner, who was familiar with the talk

at dinners and in drawing-rooms, wrote in 1852: There are beautiful and generous spirits in Boston, but the prevailing tone of its society is provincial toryism. Persons freshly returned from Europe, who have hearts, are at first disturbed by it, then straightway adopt it." Social pressure was freely brought to bear to enconformity in politics and arrest tendencies to radicalism, or to opinions or conduct which were contrary to the conventional standard. Men of courage who pushed moral principles into politics were stigmatized as fanatics and demagogues. A Frenchman visiting Boston in 1851 found that the mention of Sumner's name in social life made certain people shiver be cause he was a Free-Soiler and suspected of abolitionism, though otherwise nothing ill was said of him. It had been Judge Story's desired that Sumner should take his place as professor in the law school, but the young agitator's Fourth of July oration had shown him to be too radical in his opinions to suit the conservative sentiment which then governed the corporation of Harvard College. After his controversy with Winthrop he could not enter society without meeting persons who either cut him directly of had become unamiable in look or word, and he more and more kept aloof from it. To those whom he admitted to his innermost life he was accustomed to speak sadly of his loveliness.

Mr. Sumner's participation in popular agita tions interfered seriously with his professional success as a lawyer. It repelled clients who disagreed with him on exciting topics. He had a fair share of office business and had charge of several important patent and insurance cases but his professional earnings were not large and were eked out by annotations of law books especially Story's works, and by fees for I'c tures before lyceums. His orations and speeches were published in two volumes in 1850, and embodied the chief results of his career at that time. He made many changes and corrections, not only of the original text, but in successive proofs, until the printers rebelled against him. An excess in revision was characteristic of him He continued the alterations in every successive edition, filling the margins with pen or pencil marks. No matter how thorough was the preceding revision, he was always discovering a construction or a word to improve. His friends often submitted their manuscripts or first proofs to him, and they came back so changed that the authors could hardly identify their own compositions. Those much younger than himself submitted to this rough handling; others ros in insurrection against his severe canons of

Mr. Sumper's active interest in reforms, hi prominence in the prison-discipline debates in Tre mont Temple, his views of the annexation of Texas and of the Mexican War, his controversy with Winthrop, his identification with the Free Soil party in 1848, and his subsequent election to the United States Senate in consequence of the collapse of the Whig party in Massachusetts under Webster's leadership, are the chief topics discussed by way of introduction to his years of public service at Washington. The political history of the times is reviewed comprehensively and with lacidity, but always in its biographical relation to the gradual evolution of Mr. Sumner's opintons. While he was a coalition candidate, and was repeatedly waited upon by dissenting Democrats and asked for assurances that he would not agitate the slavery question, or that he would at least put other quesus before it, he refused steadily to make any sledges, replying simply that he did not seek the iffice, and that if it came to him it must find aim an absolutely independent man. The joy of he Free Soilers over the result was only equalled by the wrath and bitterness of the partisan Whigs. particularly those of the Webster type. They hated umner as few men have been hated, and he was now to fill the high place which their idol had filled so long. They associated his name with all that was plebeian, ignominious and revolu-The anti-slavery leaders received the tidhis election with profound gratitude. Theodore Parker wrote to him: "You told me once that you were in morals, not in politics. Now I hope that you will show that you are still in morals, although in politics. I hope you will be the Senator with a conscience."

While Mr. Sumner's first speech in the Senate was made on the tenth day of the session, it was not until he had been in his seat for many months that he produced a profound impression by his in tone and entirely free from while moderate personalities and from criticism of living men, was of a style to which the Senate was unused, with a classical finish such as belonged only to Everett among contemporary orators. His rich, sonorous

style. He impressed Senators and spectators with his profound sincerity "His sentiments," remarks Mr. Herce, "were lofty, appealing to generous minds, and for the moment, some who listened, hard politicians though they were, must have had their better natures stirred, while they looked beyond the forced and unnatural compact of parties against the agitation of slavery, and recognized in his fearlessness and undaunted purpose the prophecy of a new North, and of the destined fall of slavery itself."

The Presidential election of 1852, the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the organization of the Republican party and the outrages in Kansas are outlined in connection with Mr. Sumper's participation in Congressional debate and his steadily increasing importance as one of the chief figures in the anti-slavery movement. The circumstances under which his famous speech on Kansas was delivered are related with great animation. It condensed into a phrase a statement of successive outrages and usurpations: "the crime against Kansas, the crime of crimes, the crime against Nature." It eloquently portraved this crime as aggravated by the motive which was "the rape of a virgin territory, com-pelling it to the hateful embrace of slavery. . . . traceable to a depraved desire for a new slave State, hideous offspring of such a crime, in the hope of adding to the power of slavery in the National Government. . . . force being openly employed in compelling Kansas to this pollution."

Mr. Sumner spoke for five hours, and sustained himself well to the end, exhibiting, in the judgment of experienced observers, the most signal combination of oratorical splendors ever seen in the Senate Chamber. When he closed his speech Cass and Douglas followed with in vective recking in vulgarity and ribaldry, and not long afterward Brooks, stealing upon him when he was writing at his desk, made the murderous assault upon him which nearly ended his life. The pain and suffering which he was called upon to endure did not, either at the time of the injury or during the whole period of his disability, produce in him any feeling of personal bitterness either against the assailant or the Southern people. Mr. Pierce remarks:

personal bitterness either against the assailant or the Southern people. Mr. Pirree remarks:

He attributed the deed to the spirit of slavery instead of laying the responsibility on individuals. Four days later, when he entered again into the debate between the contending principles, he said at the outset: "I have no personal griefs to utter: only a vulgar egotism could intrude such into this chamber. I have no personal wrongs to avenge: only a brutish nature could attempt to wield that vengeance which belongs to the Lord. The years that have intervened and the tombs that have onened since I spoke have their voices, too, which I cannot fail to hear." He is not known to have recurred to the subject in private, except in two instances, when it was introduced by others under peculiar circumstances. In 1872, when supporting Greeley for President, and making his protest against any revival of sectional animosity, his attention being called to a caricature of himself drawn by Nast for "Harper's Weekly." which represented him at the grave of Brooks reading the inscription on the stone, he said: "What have I to do with him? It was slavery, not he, that struck the blow." The same season he was walking in the Congressional Cemetery when George William Curtis, his companion, pointed out to him the choserved. He stood silent before it for a few moments, and then turning away, said: "Poor follow: "Curtis then asked him: follow poor fellow:" Curtis then asked him: "How did you feel about Brooks?" His reply was: "Only as to a brick that should fall upon my head from a chimney. He was the unconscious agent of a malign power."

The fourth volume embraces the war and respective to the controver-

The fourth volume embraces the war and reconstruction periods, the acrimenious controversies of President Grant's Administration and the Greeley canvass. The diplomatic chapters are worked and toiled, and though I had accomplished remarkable for lucidity of treatment. The one in which his speech on the Alabama claims is entertained previous to my arrival, I had achieved analyzed presents a new but wholly reasonable my own living, preserved my independence, and view of his ulterior purpose, which was pacific become indebted to no one. I was now quitting and in the direction of international arbitration.

It was now quitting the direction of international arbitration. it, poor in purse, it is true, but not wholly empty: take taker ailing, it may be, but not broken in health; up without controversial heat the San Domingo and with hope in my boson, had I not cause on annexation scheme, the recall of Minister Motley. The whole to be thankful? These are the words the displacement of Mr. Samner from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreigh Affairs and of his genuine purpose in the world. The other his hostility to President Grant. There are some words are those of a man who is somehow dispassages in the chapters relating to these incidents which might have been more judiciously written, and especially those containing strictures upon Secretary Fish and "the military as in his heart he knew that his real disposition secretaries." The author goes far enough when was to run away from it, to get out of the whirl-

anot take account of what may have | wander with little purpose about the world. he says: been brought to the President's cars by cayes, droppers and parasites (and of these there were many about him); but this can be said with con-fidence that up to the time of Motley's removal Sumner had said nothing of the President in Summer had said nothing of the President in speech or writing which was wanting in respect for his character and services, but had treated him throughout with perfect deference and courtesy. He had kept strictly within his right and duty as a Senator in resisting the San Domingo scheme—a right and duty equal to the President's in promoting it. The President might be disappointed at the rejection of his favorite measure, but the Senator, by the testimony of his associates, was blameless. The removal of Motley was the first act which gave a personal direction to a public question. Sameer regarded Mottey was the first act which gave a personal direction to a public question. Summer recarded it, as an attempt to punish a Senator for the just exercise of his right and the honest performance of his duty; and his indignation was natural and

In his comments upon Secretary Fish's insult in the Motley papers the author goes across the border of impartial narration of historical events and offends the proprieties of biographical writing. The provocation may have been great, but temperate criticism would have been more effective than overheated strictures. This is, however, a slight flaw in comparison with the many excellencies and literary merits of this work. It is a noble biography, worthy in every respect of the intellectual giant and "white-souled states man" whose great deeds it records.

# ABERDEEN.

ONE OF THE QUEEN'S PRIME MINISTERS. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN. By Sir Arthur Gordon. 8vo. pp. 330. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This new edition to the series of biographies o the Queen's Prime Ministers is the work of Lord Aberdeen's son, and consequently is written under sense of self restraint which accords well with the character of the statesman. It was a career of self-effacement and deliberate abstention from public affairs which the author had to outline and overwrought praise and perfunctory eulogy would have exposed him to criticism. Without violating the obligations of filial respect, the author explains how it came about that Lord Aber deen did not exert great influence in English publie life. He had neither eloquence nor wit; be disliked publicity and persisted in underestimating his abilities; and was always inclined to follow rather than to lead. From his twelfth to his twenty-second year he was under the commanding ascendency of Mr. Pitt. Accustomed in his youth to look up to that great Minister, he acquired the habit of deferring to the advice of others. A most accomplished Foreign Minister, who had received a symmetrical training in the diplomatic service, he became Prime Minister in 1852 of the Cabinet of All the Talents," not from sheer force of character, but from the necessities of coalition politics. It was his fortune to open the campaign in the Crimea, and to serve the Queen in a great crisis of foreign affairs; but he could not escape the fate of a weak captain, who was surrounded by lieutenants abler than himself and eager in the parsuit of the prizes of public life. His downfall was sudden and humiliating. So little influence was he able to exert during his political caree that his chief title to fame is the fact that he was Prime Minister with great men like Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone as hi colleagues.

false position during the greater part of his life. By birth, education, marriage and social ties be was a Tory, but his allegiance to that party was the result of habit rather than of conviction. Un consciousig he was a Liberal without having the strength of will required for making a breach with his political relations. He was a steady advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation, was on

the Established Church in Ireland, and repeatedly expressed his disapproval of the traditional English policy toward the island. In his diplomacy he was so liberal in his views as to give constant offence to his party. That type of lukewarm Toryism was not destined to impress itself powerfully upon the politics of the times.

Resentment he never cherished. Lord John Russell deserted him in 1855 and did not treat him was, one of the most magnanimous of men, and the first comnoisseurs of his time, he was a trained archaeologist; poets consulted him on the quality found; and colleagues and friends applied to him topics. His mind was a storehouse of accurate knowledge, which he was never willing to display ostentatiously. The delicate shading of this modest statesman's character is well brought out in these pages. It is a good biographical study, well proportioned, and conducted with sound judgment and excellent taste.

### GEORGE BORROW.

A NEW EDITION OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.

LAVENGRO. The Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest, By George Borrow, With an Introduction by Theodore Watts, Pp. xxxv, 404, Ward, Lock,

How much of "Lavengro" is autobiography How much of it is pure fiction? How much of it is real under the color of fiction? How much of it is fiction under the color of reality? Those who had the pleasure of acquaintance with George Borrow coolly inform their less lortunate contemporaries that it is useless for those who knew him not in the flesh to meddle with these questions. Then they themselves proceed to answer them, and the answers are more bewildering than the book itself. Mr. Egmont Hake smiles at those who have wasted their time in search for the novel entitled "Joseph Sell," which the hero of "Lavengro" declares that he wrote under the stress of bitter necessity. No such novel was ever written, he intimates. Accepting this, the practical lesson which Borrow drew from this feigned literary exercise vanishes away. "Reader," says he with the twenty guineas paid for "Joseph Sell" in his pocket, supposing that he had a pocket or twenty guineas, or a manuscript novel-"Reader, amids the difficulties and the dangers of this life, should you ever be tempted to despair, call to mind these latter chapters of the life of Lavengre. There are few positions, however difficult, from which dogged resolution and perseverance may not liberate you." The injunction is worthless, because the course of action from which it is drawn by way of a moral never was followed by the moralizing author. But a few pages further on he really seems to sum up in plain terms the results of his brief youthful career in London. "I thought of all my ways and doings since the day of my first arrival in that vast city," he writes: "I had of an honest, self-reliant man, certain not to fail satisfied with himself and is striving to make himself out a hero. He almost wishes to believe that he conquered adversity by one bold stroke, wherepool of incessant and destructive struggle, and

aimed unconsciously and instinctively less at in-fluencing the world without than perfecting the world within himself. "To become renowned," says Mr. Watts, "judging from many a peroration in 'Lavengro,' was as great an incentive to Borrow to learn languages, as to Alexander Smith's poethere it was an incentive to write poetry." Surely, however, this was an ofter thought. When a man finds that other men gaze after him because of his achievements in some domain or other of physical or mental prowess, he must be a strong, self-contained person indeed not to feel the stimulus of vanity, not to seek new conquests. But at first he is as unconscious of his incentive as his fellowmen are of his existence. If the domain in which he seeks pre-eminence is mental, fame is hartly likely to catch up with him before middle life. Borrow's strongest incentive must have come then from within, not from without. It may well seem likely to those who never knew Borrow that Mr. Watts hits upon the real solution of the problem when he remarks: "Meantime, let it be remembered by those who object to Eorrow's method that at the basis of his character was a deep zense of wonder. Let it be remembered that he was led to study the first of the many languages-Irish-because there was, as he said, 'something mysterious and uncommon in its use," "

Observe how far-reaching might be the reaction for this capacity of wonderment on the mind willingly subject to it. There was an infinity of languages, each of which in its turn must exercise the same influence as the first. Then the rela tionship among various forms of human speech widely separated from each other startled Borrow as if it were a miracle. Thus when the old apple woman on Lordon Bridge explained that thieves' slang bread was called pannam, the au ther bursts forth:

"Fannam," said I, "Pannam! Evidently con-nected with, if not derived from, the Latin panis "Taanam," said I, "Pannam! Evidently connected with, if not derived from, the Latin pans; even as the word tanner, which signifieth a sixpence, is connected with, if not derived from, tawno, or tawner, which, in the language of Mr. Petulengro, signifieth a sucking child. Let me see, what is the term for bread in the language of Mr. Petulengro? Morro, or mauro, as I have sometimes heard it called; is there not some connection between these words and panis? Yes, I think there is; and I should not wonder if morro, mauro and panis were connected, perhaps derived from the same root; but what is that root? I don't know—I wish I did: though, perhaps, I should not be the happier. Morro, mauro! I rather think morro is the older form. It is easier to say morro than mauro. Morro! Irish, aran; Weish, bara; English, bread. I can see a resemblance between all the words, and pannam too; an't I rather think that the Petulengrian word is the older. How odd it would be if the language of Mr. Petulengro should eventually turn out to be the mother of all the languages in the world; yet it is certain that there are some languages in which the terms for bread have no connection with the word used by Mr. Petulengro, notwithstanding those languages in many other points, exhibit a close affinity to the language of the horseshoe master; for example, bread in Hebrew is laham, which assuredly exhibits little similitude to the words used by the aforesaid Petulengro. In Armenian it is —"

Zhats," said the stranger, starting up. "By the Patriarch and the Three Holy Churches, this is wonderful! How came you to know aught of Armenian?"

only astonished others: they were bewildering; they had even the aspect of something miraculous, of the earliest converts to Free Trade, and struck from his own point of view. He stood in awe of in the "Aberdeen acts" the first blow against the himself: for it must be remembered that on his from his own point of view. He stood in awe of

voice and fine presence were added to charm of Scotch system of entails. As early as 1844 he own showing he was a dull boy who really needed declared his hostility to the continued existence of a shock to awaken his attention. He was, so to speak, made up of two contrasted personalities. one of which was forever standing agape at the sight of what the other accomplished. It happened to him as it happens to almost every one in whom this divided unity is possible, that the molety capable of great achievement worked much of the time in the super-conscious domain, the The author dwells with enthusiasm upon the realm in which Schopenhauer insists that all many noble traits of his distinguished father genius works at its best. The other moiety seemed, therefore, to Borrow the real man within him, and it did not look to him equal to the tasks
-he gives over and over again the most naive given. Lord Aberdeen, when succeeded by Lord hints of this-which apparently it accomplished Palmerston, his lifelong rival, exerted himself to He felt as if he were a sort of hypocrite, knowing the utmost to strengthen the new government. He what he did, yet not knowing how he did it. And in this ambiguity lies the solution of his distrust While shown toward literary men for example, contrasted most loyal in his service to the Queen. While the death of his idolized wife induced habits of melancholy and reserve, he had a highly cultivated and retentive mind. In art he was one of ble puzzle, and he was determined—consciously or unconsciously—that no other mind should pene-trate a problem which he had given up. He deof their verse; his classical scholarship was pro- clares in "Lavengro" that he had long rid himself of shyness; yet shyness is just the trait dwelt with confidence for information on the most varied on by those who knew him. This cannot be accounted for in any way unless by supposing that he felt the reverence due to his nature and yet could give no adequate reason for it.

Now the children of the open air cared for none of this minute analysis of character. With them Borrow's mystery was safe, because they were incapable of perceiving it. But with the sharpeyed writers for the press, the men who had studied their own mental structure, the case was different. They had meddled with such problems already, and were eager, even in their own despite, for a new subject. Borrow felt himself an object of scrutiny which he could not endure. A curious confirmation of this is to be found in the attitude preserved toward him by his nearest friend Dr. Gordon Hake. No persuasion could induce the latter to attempt the analysis of his To the companion's characteristics in print. rather garrulous Mr. Watts, who trie! to solve the problem of Borrow's individuality on first meeting him, Hake merely pointed at the vast green, shaggy umbrella which the philologist carried, and said with a droll sarcasm evidently lost on his interlocutor, who repeats the remark in the introduction to this volume: "Rut the most damn-ing thing of all is that umbrella, gigantic and green, a painful thought that has often occurred to me. That is to say, Hake insisted on standing toward his friend, just as the people of the road stood toward him, apparently indifferent to the man's mental peculiarities, but alive and responsive to those little outward eccentricities with which Porrow sought to distract the attention of others. How little Dr. Hake was willing to reveal of his knowledge respecting the inner life of his friend can be inferred from the colorless sketch of Borrow written by his son, Mr. Egmont Hake, for the Dictionary of National Biography."

It was anything but self-esteem which led flor-

tow to stand in wender beside the mystery of his own personality. Doubtless he felt just the same more than once in the presence of another. Indeed, one may see something like it in the rever-ence he shows for that strange, beautiful, defiant, yet lovable woman, Isopel Perm rs. Here, too, was an individuality, the secrets of which were beyond his ken. A mere novelist would have puzzled and puzzled until he reached some solution or other. and then would have unwound the interminable skein of his own imaginings. Borrow is as wholly outward, as wholly incapable of the mental torture known by the name of introspective analysis as Sophoeles, and only lacks tragic power to be as great a writer. Of tragedy he is incapable. Even his description of the death of his father is pa-thetic, rather than strong and stern as it might have been, and its pathes almost approaches the Indicrous for one who realizes suddenly what a picture the mother and two sons must have made rushing about the bedside of the dying father, erying and calling. The picture is true to realify. but it is not heroic, and it is redeemed only by the last touch of deep, genuine religious feeling, the strongest and best element of Borrow's character, in the expression of which he was always frank, carriest and devout. He had the unquestioning faith in divine things which one often finds in soldiers and sailors, and in this point was doubtless like that old soldier, his father. But the ambiguity of his own nature made him secretive in all other matters. In the last conversation autobiography, the old man says: "I have ever observed about you a want of frankness which has distressed me; you never speak of what you are about, your hopes or your prospects, but cover yourself with mystery. . You are my son, but I know little of your real history." The father thought his son wilful; the boy knew that he was really driven by ferces over which he had no control, that he was cultivating the only aptitudes had; but he did not know how to tell his father this. He could only say that if he ended in irremediable disaster he had one resource. "If I can't succeed and am driven to the worst," said

he, "it is but dying." While the mystery of his own personality in one aspect was felt by Borrow to be worthy of his reverence, there were other aspects of it which he seemed to be ashamed of. He was superstitious, but he veiled the worst fancies of this kind to which he was subject under fictitious characters in "Lavengro." Only in a rather childish pride over the fact that other people gave him credit for second sight, in the wondering side glance after the murderous little gypsy, Leonora, or in the satisfaction he gets out of his playing when a child with a viper, does he admit the superstitions element in himself. When it comes to the freakish desire to touch things in order to avoid evil chance, he impersonates the trait in the strunge country gentleman and author who was burdened by the vexatious fear that what he wrote in his books was not original, and who wrote in his books was not original, and who dreaded to read lest he might be accused of bor-rowing his ideas. It can hardly be doubted that here Borrow described one of his own eccentricities. He knew well enough that his fears were meaningless, but he was at other times face to face with that inner personality which he only vaguely understood. Knowing the undercurrents of life as well as he, "The Walking Lord of Gipsy Lore" should have known them; he must have divined that these unmeaning, ever vanishing, yet ever recurrent fantasies were universal. Yet be acted, as nearly as one can see who never knew him, as though he thought his superstition no less peculiar than his aptitude for learning languages But it would seem that a man who is glad, without wasting meditation on the matter, that he happened to see the new moon over his right shoulder instead of over his left, has all the dark learning necessary to understand and appreciate the situation of the man whose imagination played him more serious tricks. Externally superstitious seems a varied, a bewildering affair; but within it is always the same. Its protean forms are worth studying for themselves. but they hile no secret. For that which take all these forms is only the human mind itself, invisible, inscrutable, yet as familiar as daylight.

# MODERN SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

exhibits little similitude to the words used by the aforesaid Petulengro. In Armenian it is ——
Zhats," said the stranger, starting up.— By the Patriarch and the Three Holy Churches, this is wonderful! How came you to know aught of Armenian?

This article does not refer to a book which was written yesterday, and so it is taken for granted that readers know Borrow's rustic circumlocution about Mr. Petulengro when he means the gypsics. Meanwhile, it is to be noted that the Armenian merchant's surprise at finding an Englishman who could talk Haik was Borrow's own expression in the light of his own achievements. He learned languages, not by dint of hard study upon a scientific method, but by a sort of fatality which drove him forward to new acquisitions. The wonderful reach of his learning, his abnormal facility, not only astonished others: they were bewildering:

MODERN SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

From The London spectator.

A writer in "The Daily News" of Saturday asks a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for the Daily News' of Saturday asks a literary question which involves a Jest that has for a literary question which involves a Jest that has for literary for the prefere to the second edition of his was more than a passing interest.—Who was the modest husband who begged his wife to tell him 'his besetting sin'! The sters' literary question which involves a Jest that has for literary for her has a literary question

Men are acarly as selfish as ever—not quite, or the Women's Property bill could never have been passed without resistance—but their power of self-deception has been enormously diminished. The new intensity and keenness of introspection, the new depth of inquiry into motives, the new habit of frankness, the new sharpness of competition in all directions, even in that of character, have, we should have said, cleared the film of most eyes, so that the man who made that reply would strike the average reader not as an illustration of universal human nature, but as a rather unusual hypocrite.

Most certainly the change is true as regards men's powers. Forty years ago it was the commonest thing

rather unusual hypocrite.

Most certainly the chanse is true as regards men's Most certainly the chanse is true as regards men's powers. Forty years ago it was the commonest thing in the world to meet men, young men especially, who believed, in the simplest honesty, that they could do all manner of things which they could not do in the least, or only badly. They knew languages, they could write profound essays, they could impress women, they were great athletes, or they could do any one of a hundred other things—dance, perhaps, where they were great athletes, or they could do any one of a hundred other things—dance, perhaps, if malicious, set that argument was useless, or, if malicious, set the talkers down as boastful flars; but both exaggerated the amount of deliberate falsehood in the speakers, who, as a rule, were almost completely self-deceived. They wished to be self-deceived, perhaps, but measuring themselves without standards, they actually were so. That source of error has ended; universal competition, universal examinations, universal publicity and a habit of frankness not easily accounted for have rendered self-deception as to men's powers exceedingly rare.

## THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A NEW HISTORY OF HER LIFE.

JOAN OF ARC. By Lord Ronald Gower, F. S. A. With Ten Illustrations. Royal octavo. Pp. X. 235. Lendon: John C. Nimmo. New-York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.

Early in the fifteenth century Joan of Are was urned at Rouen as a relapsed heretic. In 1455 the hurch which condemned her instituted a process of rehabilitation, which in the following year effectually removed the cruel stander resting on her memory. Last month the present Pope celebrated the anniversary of his coronation, and one of the incidents of his jubilee has been the announceme of a determination to canonize the Maid of Orleans, Lord Renald Gower's life of Join appears, therefore, in a year which promises to be propitious for his herolne.

The most important result of research into the history of Joan of Arc is the separation of what is true from what is legendary therein without diminishing the beauty and grandeur of the record. For centuries Joan of Arc floated in the sphere of ideality. Modern historians have brought her closer to our comprehension, they have brought her to earth, and here, unlike most semi-mythical figures, she loses nothing. She retains her greatness, because, as the mists of legend are dispelled, the nobility of her actual mundane character and deeds becomes more apparent. Her "voices" may amuse us and leave us sceptical. Of her prophetic inspiration we may have our doubts, and her anticipation of the wound she received at Orleans may be dismissed as the natural reboding of a soldier aware of the chances of war, t before the decuments from which Lord Ronald cower has extracted the material for his history we annot question the magnitude of what she did for in the distribution of the infamy tocurred by those

responsible for the tragic culmination of her advectures is a test of an historian's ability to give a

true and valuable version of Joan of Arc's story. Merely racial or sentimental sympathy or obtuseness can only prove fatal to a writer's insight into the relations of her career. Thus Michelet's otherwise ad-micable sketch of the Maid is disfigured and its perspective is destroyed by his hatred of the English. With Gaulish vinds tiveness he would visit the sins of the forefathers upon the children of countless genera-tions. But De Quincey, for all his willingness to admit the criminality of the Regent and his countrymen, goes to a dangerous extreme in isolating the Elshop of Beauvals as the particular candidate for the pillory of the ages. No one would abate one jot of the ambitious prefite's disgrace; but De Quincey himself in his cutting paraphrase of the celebrated declaration in Macheth, "Bishop that art, Archbishop that shult be, Cardinal that mayest be," with its flash of light into the source of the wretch's hopes of preferment, touches upon the kernel of those machinations which ended in the marryidem of the Maid. Lord Ronald tiower seems inclined to follow De Quincey. about the English than about the Lishop. Cauchon hounded Joan of Arc to death because her influence upon the masses had disturbed his enjoyment of the comforts of his lishopric; because, in short, he hated her. But he had other motives. He craved the archieptscopal throne of Lisheux, if not the red hat which it was in the power of the Eaglish Eishop of Winchester to bring nearer his reach; and it is chiefly to Bedford's clever manipulation of this balt before 'auchon's hungry hips that the energy of the latter in his persecution of John is to be attributed. It was necessary to the Regent's plans to discredit the pretenions of Charles VII, not only by a continual sapping of the States left him, but by proving his coronation the fruit of a witch's ingenuities, and null and void. In those di null and void. a course was extremely arguments which it furnished the adherents of the English King were not without weight judicial marder of Joan was a politteal necessity to England. And in the accomplishment of it the Bishop of Beauvals, in spite of his virulence, was, after all, but a tool in the hands of Betford, who certainly raised the money for the purchase of Jean de Luxembourg's prisoner. Cauchon set the machinery of the Inquisition in motion, but it was English oil that was given him to make the wheels run with terrible smoothness. Lord Ronald tower is not a philosophic historian. He is a simple narrator of facts, and accordingly he misses one of the most lateresting phases of the history whose development he has attempted to trace. The relation of the Inquisition to Joan is one of the appalling features of her trial. It reveals the rotteness of the Church at that time and the awful degra-ation of her power to the base uses of scheming politicians. Joan could not have been executed as prisoner of war without exciting the horror and disgust of Europe. By misinterpreting her acts and atterances, by wearing out her proud spirit through he toriuring brutalities of a long trial, Cauchen and is creatures were enabled to force from her an abof heresles of which she had never been Then it was easy to entrap her into what they could interpret us a relapse, and on that ground to hand her over to the secular arm for burningn other words to the English who were thirsting or her blood, and were resolved to have it at any price. On the Inquisition her martyriom left one mere stain, the worst of all; and on Cauchon, on Bedford, and on the court he represented, it left another no less indelible. It poured also dermal dishonor upon the monarch for whom she had fought and dled so magnificently died, to use De Quincey's words, as goddesses would die were they mortal. All through the march of her short and splendid career, after she had met him at Chinon, Charles VII noves a contemptible invertebrate mannikin. supine character all his life long, he showed no signs aen Joan struggled in the clutches of the English and their aliles. He left her to her fate. The onatryman who sold her was bad enough. King was infinitely worse. His interest in the retrabilitation of her fame was due to nothing more than a wish to counteract English use of the old charge of witchcraft in connection with his corona Lord Ronald Gower's book is a compact recital of

Joan of Arc's fitful passage across the horizon of the fifteenth century. He has gleaned industriously from the evidence available in books and archives and his lil-tory is welcome. He has no literary style, no philosophy, as we have said; and there are carcless printings of names and dates on his pages, er which the responsibility is perhaps to be divided between him and the proofreader. With all its faults it remains a serviceable book. It is not seriously affected by the lightness, or rather the comparative infrequency of the censure passed upon the true authors of the crime. It preserves, in plain terms, the truth about Joan of Are, and that titles it to consideration. The volume is well filustrated and made.

# ONE VIEW OF BIOGRAPHY.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

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What right has a biography to be in two volumes? One can say all that is worth saving about any man except Mr. Gladstone in a very few hunfred bages, and what is more, within the scantler plot of ground the biographer can present a more artistic view of his subject. Of course, the world likes to hear gossip about the victim's teaspoons and the size of his collar and generally such stuff as in a decent age would be left for the housemaid's conversation with the toutman. The fact that a man was great does not make it necessary that his life should be a great book in one sense. The conditions under which biographies are nurried through the press nowadays absolutely prevent them from being great works in the correcter sense of the word.

Our belief is that the biography is a sort of advertisement. The compiler receives very generous help

swer the question, and the interest of the story for us is not its authorship, but the fact that a writer of lodgy should conceive its authorship worth inquiring about. A jest is note the worse for being old, but it is the worse if time has taken the flavor out of it. and we should have said that this had been the case with the one before us. It does not, we should have fancied, bite any longer, because it is no longer true.

Our belief is that the biography is a sort of advertisement. Cur being old, it is seement. The compiler receives very generous help from a multitude of quite bisignificant people, and tests constrained to publish the letters they wrote to the victim, and the letters they victim wrote back to them. So the gentle reader is asked to take interest in men and women whose importance it is impossible up to to magnify. If only biographers knew what to omit, things would be so much better.

### LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. John Drew has written for a coming number of Mr. John Drew ... "Scribner" a paper entitled "The Actor." It is to give the human and social side of theatrical life, and is to be one of the series on men's occupations as brilliantly opened by Mr. Howells in his article "The Country Printer," published in the May ber of the magazine.

The first two volumes of the new history of Ireland by the distinguished Celife scholar, Dr. P. W. Joyce, the distinguished Celife scholar, Dr. Dr. Dr. Joyce's knowledge of the Irish language has opened to his use the piles of Celtic manuscripts preserved in Dublin, and has justified him in this first attempt to set forth a complete history of his country. Nothing so exhaustive on this subject has before this been up dertaken. Dr. Joyce is the elder brother of the late Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce, the author of "Deirdre."

Professor A. S. Hardy has some very wholesome ideas concerning realism. "A man nowadays," he is quoted as saying, "goes out and the first thing he sees is a mud puddle, and he describes it. But if you look sharp enough and long enough, at the bottom of every mud puddle you can see the sky; and that's just what your modern realist doesn't see."

A noted London bookseller says as the result of life-long observation of his customers, that the pidlogo-phers read by women are Schopenhauer, Piuto, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus and Renan.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has been writing a short story which he calls "Her Dying Words." It is to appear in "Scribner's Magazine."

Surely "preciousness" can no further go than in a suggestion to authors recently made in London. It is to the effect that the author, preparatory to making a beautiful book, shall acquire some system of shorthand for rapid notes, and shall then study a style of handwriting worthy to express its thought; and that he shall then write out his book, page by page, in this beautiful handwriting, the whole thing to be published in photographic fac-simile. Pool: A large paper edition of Mr. John T. Morse's "Abra-

ham Lincoln," limited to 250 copies, is announced by Hougaton, Mifflin & Co. This edition do two volumes) contains two portraits, a colored map and rubricated title-pages. Mr. J. M. Barrie, the novelist, has been invited to

become a candidate for the chair of English Literature at the University of Aberdeen. One who was a guest at the dinner-party arranged

Thackeray for Charlotte bronte gives these remains

by Thackeray for Charlotte Bronte gives these reminiscences of the evening:

Mr. Thackeray had been generously anxious to make the evening especially pleasant and encouraging to this sky and retiring young authorses who had dedicated her first novel to him with such luminerse deference and admiration; and perhaps we all of us imbibed unconsciously a rather more subdued tone than usual from the interest which we felt in the gentic carristness and originality of this new arrival in the literary world. When dinner was announced Mr. Thackeray world, when dinner was announced Mr. Thackeray went up to her with the most genial kindliness, saying, "I must have the pleasure of taking Jane Erre in to dinner." Instantly she started up, erect as an arrow, and answered, very severely and distinctly, "Jane Eyre is not here. Mr. Thackeray." For she had not yet given her name as the author of the book. But the next moment she gravefully relented, and added with a smile. "Miss lironte is here, and will be much honored by taking your arm." She loosed very slight and small beside Thackeray, almost like a cilld, just able to reach up to his chow. Her dress was simply made, but was of good dark hown satin, with high neck and hong sleeves, and with the little peculiarity of a plait made of the same brown satin, with high neck and hong sleeves, and with the little peculiarity of a plait made of the same brown satin material and foreing a sext of coroner round her little head. Her face was pole and thoughful, lighted up by very expressive eyes; and she gave as a felmpression of being supremely happy and interested in Mr. Thackeray's conversation during our dinner, though she was very quiet and reserved in her own atterances.

In the evening Mr. Thackeray kindly introduced me to her, and gave her a place beside me to allow me really to make her acquaintance. I began by asking her, "Do you like London?" she heart me in grave slence at first, but after due reflection said, "In answer to your dinner, though she dasace'y dared to hope she

who talked together as if they were dear friends would not scruple, in each other's absence, to enjoy any sarcasm or playful ridicule at their expense; and this Miss Bronte condemned as a peculiar failing to be met with in London. We argued about it a little; but she did not appear to agree that this want of lovalty, occasionally to be found here, was more often observa-ble in narrower spheres of life, such as in the smaller country towns.

W. H. Low, J. A. Mitchell, F. Hopklason Smith and W. H. Gibson are among the artists who will es tribute to "Scribner" illustrated articles on the World's Fair.

In the late John Addington Symonds's interesting quotes the poet as saying concerning eternity and creation: "Huxley says we may have come from monkeys. That makes no difference to me. If it is God's way of creation, he sees the whole, past, present and fedure as one." Then the morality, "I cannot but future, as one." Then the morality. think moral good is the crown of man. But what is it without immortality? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. If I knew the world were coming to an end in six hours, would I give my money to a starving beggar? No: if I did not believe myself; immortal. I have sometimes thought men of six might destroy their immortality. The eternity of punishment is quite incredible. Christ's words were para-bles to suit the sense of the times." Further of morality: "There are some young men who try to do away with morality. They say, 'We won't be moral. Comte, I believe, and perhaps Mr. Grote, too, deny that immortality has anything to do with being moral.\* Then from material to moral difficulties: "Why do mosquitos exist? I believe that after God had made this world the devil began and added something,"

M. Rebrs, Count Tolstol's brother-in-law, has been writing a book in celebration of the novelist. In it he gives some interesting comments on Tolstol's home life. Of the Countess, her brother says; "In her conduct and hearing towards her husband and his literary productions she always reminds me of a religious worshipper and guardian of some sacred well. Her self imposed task, owing to his carelessness and those unmethodical habits which seem to be common to all geniuses, has never been an easy one. In proof of this I may state that the composition of his novel War and Peace' began immediately after their marriage, and extended over a period of eig t years. During all that time, in addition to all her occupations as mother of her four children who were born in the interval, she copied out the romance no less than seven times. It was she who always collected and put in order the scraps and bits of paper on which he is wont to write his works. See only is able to make out with comparative case his marvellously illegible handwriting, to decipher his hastily scratized scraws and formassic hierotyphics, and to guess creetly from his incompeted words and phrases, which he had either not the time or the patience to finish the ideas and thoughts be wished to express. Her faultless capacity in this respect is a frequent theme of the Count's astonishment and praise."

It is worth while to quote M. Beinri's explanation of the origin of Tolstat's eccentric bleas. "If we would form," he says, "a just estimate of the peculiar traits in the character and teaching of LeO Nicholaevitch, we must not forget the close relation they have to the views and opinions of Jean Jaques Rousseau. There is no doubt that the writings of the French thinker had a great influence on the mode of thought." During all that time, in addition to all her occupations

Sir John Clerk, of Peniculk, was the great-grandson of Drummond, of Hawthornden, and he was, more-over, a Scottish Pepys, his journals (1676-1755) being full of quaint prattle strongly suggestive of the Eng-Hishman's diary. He had numerous official interviews with Queen Anne, and in his recently published me-moirs gives this realistic picture of her:

"Her Majesty was labouring under a fit of the goul. and in extream pain and agony, and on this oceasion everything about her was much in the same disorder as about the meanest of her subjects. Her face, which was red and spotted, was rendered something frightful by her negligent dress, and the foot thing frightful by her negligent dress, and the foot affected was tied up with a pultis and some nasty bandages. I was much affected at this sight, and the more when she had occasion to mention her people of Scotland, which she did frequently to the Dukes What are you, poor mean like Mortal, thought I, who talks in the style of a Sovereign! Nature seems to be inverted when a poor infirm Woman becomes one of the Rulers of the World; but, as Tacitus observes, it is not the first time that Women have governed in Britain, and indeed they have sometimes done this to better purpose than the Men.

# LITERATURE IN ROCHESTER.

When one has a lion to entertain the animals asked to the feast should be carefully selected. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith gave a reading the other evening at a fashionable Rochester club, and several men were asked to remain after the audience had departed, eat a rarebit and make the acquaintance of the guest of the evening. When the cigars were lighted Mr. Smith, in response to a request, read his minimable description of the carving of the canvas-back, from "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," There was a barst of applicate when the reading was finished, followed by a moment of silence. Then spoke a gilded youth of the circle, who, asked: "Mr. Smith, have you ever published anything in book form?"